

Accused "Slow Death"

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You got a hypodermic needle
To help you get away
Found some new miracle drug
To help edge the pain
Just hoping and praying
It'll take you away
Is it all just illusion
Slow death
Slow death
Slow death
Slow death
Death is gettin' in as the precious life

Is being drained from body and soul
You know it won't be long 'till your
Identity becomes impossible to find
Maybe next time you'll take a little bit more
Bringing death closer than before
'Till they find you
You're fuckin' dead
On the bathroom floor

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